

# ms. TREE™

## ROCK & ROLL SUMMER SPECIAL



ISSN C826-2586

MAX COLLINS,  
TERRY BEATTY  
& GARY KATO

NO. 1  
AUG

2.00 US  
2.50 CAN

FEATURING

MIKE MIST  
AND THE KEYS  
IN "MUSIC TO  
MURDER BY"

PLUS BOBBY  
DARIN

THE  
DAYBREAKERS



.45 CALIBER ACTION AT 45 RPM

Beatty

# A NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER

"It is the mission of art to remind man that he is human."

Ben Shahn

How true, how true! And while comics may not be "Art" (in my opinion), it still fills that niche in society's affairs known as "storytelling," which is a form of art.

I suppose the reason I'm bringing this up is the current explosion of B & W comics on the scene. When this trend began a few months ago, I had a few misgivings about the nature of the books being published. At that time my concern was for the readers and "fans" who, I felt, were looking for magic investments and quick returns on their #1 issues. I felt certain that the readers would get burned in the long run.

My concern now hits quite a bit closer to home as this turn of events grows stronger. Suddenly, there are not just a dozen or so new titles -- **there are more than one hundred** new B & W titles. And my trepidation would be vanish if this heralded a renaissance in B & W comics; I'd be pleased if this were a sign of a new acceptance of B & W as being just as worthy, just as "professional" as the four-colour books. But it isn't the dawn of a new, enlightened recognition for the B & W book.

Instead, what we have is an avalanche of poorly-drawn, unprofessional titles done with visions of dollars dancing in their creator heads. Suddenly, seven years of trying to get the B & W idiom accepted as a valid comic book (and not a fanzine) is destroyed because so many of these books are, in fact nothing more than fanzines with better production values.

Because I have always encouraged self-publication, it is troubling to be saying this. I still feel that B & W comics are an acceptable and efficient outlet for people who want complete control over their stories. However, many of these titles are not self-published and are not products of love: they are products of greed....stealing from everyone's pocketbook! (There are a few exceptions, and I hope you know which ones I mean). Where does this trend lead? For those of us publishing B & W books, the answers are obvious and saddening, if not potentially disasterous. I'm not the only publisher who had B & W publications when this began; and for some of us this decision was a commitment to a vision. There is a lot less of Territorial Imperative than of Pollution of the Environment in our concern.

Because of this deep concern, here at Renegade, I'm already rethinking the publishing policies. If anything, my reaction is to consider **only** those projects with which I feel a strong affinity; disregard anything done purely for profit. I'm not being altruistic, just trying not to get lost in the crowd. Individuality, and risk-taking, under present market conditions may be more pro-survival over the long-haul, than following what I perceive to be a cheap, soon-gone bandwagon.

Things may get dangerous around here in the next few years, but they certainly won't be dull.

Why should we ask any less of our comics than we do of our books and films? If television is a cultural wasteland, do we need to turn alternative comics into the same?

Perhaps the life of risk-taking is the answer to unleashed gerbils, geckos and wharf rats. We shall see.

My thanks to Harlan Ellison for helping me with the "big words".

Deni



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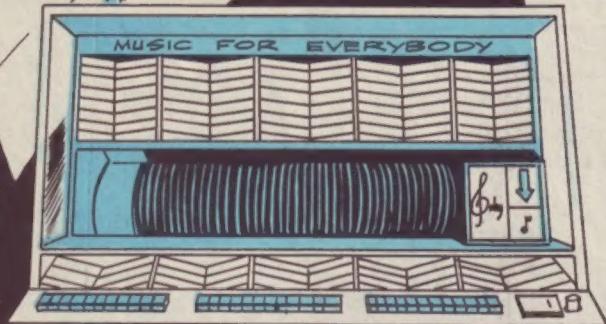
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# MUSIC TO MURDER BY

A  
MIST-TREE  
TALE



HOW DOES THE SONG  
GO? "THE DAY  
THE MUSIC DIED..."  
PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS  
TRYING TO FIGURE  
THAT ONE OUT. WHAT  
DOES THAT SONG  
MEAN, ANYWAY?

FOR ME IT'LL ALWAYS  
MEAN, THE DAY  
JOE LOYOLA DIED.  
THE DAY HE WAS  
MURDERED.

MAX COLLINS,  
TERRY BEATTY  
& GARY KATO

JOE LOYOLA WAS A NICE GUY. HE WAS ALSO MY CLIENT. AND HE WAS MY FRIEND.

EMPHASIS ON THE "WAS."



MY NAME IS MIST, MIKE MIST. I'M A PRIVATE COP - BUT NOT MUCH OF ONE I'M AFRAID.

HE CAME TO ME FOR HELP - NOW HE'S AS DEAD AS 8-TRACK.

HER FIRST NAME IS MICHAEL, BUT DON'T CALL HER "MIKE." LAST NAME IS TREE - ALSO A PRIVATE COP. A BETTER ONE.

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT WE WERE DELAYED...

SHOULD I GET THIS?

YES -



LET ME SPEAK TO JOE, DOLL. TELL 'EM HIS OLD PAL MANNY IS ON HIS WAY OVER -

IT'S PULATZI. HE WANTS TO COME UP...

TELL HIM TO COME ON ALONG - BUT DON'T TELL HIM ABOUT JOE -



HE SAID HE'LL  
BE HERE IN ABOUT  
HALF AN HOUR —

THERE'S SOMETHING  
YOU SHOULD SEE  
IN HERE —

JOE'S RECORD COLLECTION  
— THE PRIVATE STOCK...  
WHERE HE KEPT HIS  
PRIZE COLLECTIBLES  
UNDER LOCK AND KEY —



AND THERE'S A  
SAFE INSIDE —  
NOTICE ?

WHICH HAS BEEN OPENED —  
NOT BLOWN OR PRIED OPEN,  
EITHER —

"AND IT'S EMPTY,"  
SHE SAID.

"I THINK I KNOW WHAT  
USED TO BE IN IT, TOO,"  
I SAID.



SO DID MS. TREE. BECAUSE  
SHE'D BEEN IN ON THIS  
FROM THE BEGINNING —  
AT THE RECORD SHOW AT AN  
OUTLYING HOLIDAY INN,  
THIS MORNING —



YOU ALWAYS DO SECURITY FOR THESE RECORD SHOWS, MIST?

YEAH - JOE LOYOLA'S BEEN MY PAL SINCE HIGH SCHOOL. HE THROWS FOUR OF THESE THINGS A YEAR.

"AND THERE'S A LOT OF VALUABLE RECORDS AND OTHER COLLECTIBLES AT A SHOW LIKE THIS - LOTS OF MONEY CHANGING HANDS - "



I'M GLAD YOU INVITED ME - WHILE I'VE BEEN CIRCULATING LOOKING FOR SHOPLIFTERS, I PICKED UP A COUPLE OF DUSTY SPRINGFIELD ALBUMS. I WORE MY COPIES OUT YEARS AGO -



I'M A "BOBBY" MAN MYSELF - LOOK AT THESE DARIN, RYDELL AND VEE SIDES I SCORED -



"THE EMPHASIS HERE SEEMS TO BE ON THE BEATLES ERA GROUPS," SHE POINTED OUT.

"YEAH," I SAID. "AND GARAGE BANDS OF THAT VINTAGE - "



THAT'S THE MAJOR REASON I ASKED YOU TO PITCH IN ON SECURITY WITH ME, MS. TREE - THIS IS A SPECIAL SHOW, WITH A BIGGER CROWD THAN USUAL -

"YOU SEE, FROM TIME TO TIME JOE INVITES THE MEMBERS OF SOME '60s/EARLY '70s BAND FROM THE AREA TO APPEAR - NOT TO PERFORM OR ANYTHING, JUST SIGN RECORDS AND SUCH - "



SUGAR & SPICE  
THE CRYAN' SHAMES

WE CERTAINLY HAD A LOT OF GROUPS FROM THIS NECK OF THE WOODS HIT THE NATIONAL CHARTS — INCLUDING YOUR PAL JOE'S OWN GROUP, THE KEYS —

SAY, THAT'S RIGHT — YOU WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL AROUND HERE YOURSELF —

YES — AND THAT'S WHY I ACCEPTED THIS ASSIGNMENT, INSTEAD OF STICKING ONE OF MY OPERATIVES WITH IT —



THIS IS THE HARDBOILED LADY DICK I BEEN TELLIN' YOU GUYS ABOUT —

YOU MUST BE JOE LOYOLA — HOW DOES A ROCK STAR GET TO BE A RARE RECORDS DEALER, ANYWAY?

EVER HEAR THE ANDY WARHOL LINE ABOUT EVERYBODY GETTING FAMOUS FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES? WELL, I GOT FIFTEEN SECONDS.



"LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO THE GUYS — THIS IS PAUL WALKER, OUR BASS PLAYER. HE'S IN COMPUTER PROGRAMMING NOW — "

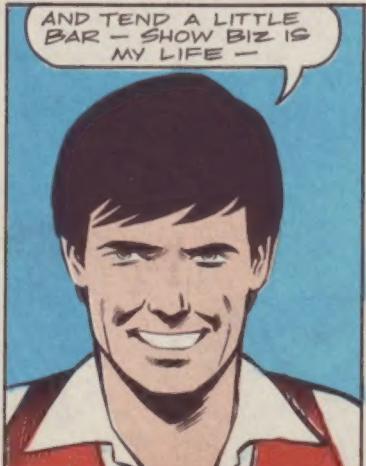
PLEASURE, MS. TREE — READ ABOUT YA.

"THIS IS RICK KITT, OUR DRUMMER — HE'S STILL IN MUSIC, PLAYS WITH A COUNTRY BAND."

AND TEND A LITTLE BAR — SHOW BIZ IS MY LIFE —

"AND THIS IS STEVE, OUR GUITARIST. HIS LAST NAME'S GIBSON —

BUT I PLAY A FENDER. AND SELL 'EM — I OWN A MUSIC STORE.





AFTER COLUMBIA PICKED UP 'SHE'S A TEASE' AND WE HIT THE NATIONAL CHARTS, WE WENT INTO THE RECORDING STUDIO —

"WE CUT AN ALBUM, BUT WE NEVER REALLY PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON; THE GROUP BROKE UP BEFORE WE COULD DO THAT — IT WAS NEVER RELEASED —"



THE GROUP BROKE UP BECAUSE YOUR RECORD COMPANY OFFERED JACK BLACK A SOLO CONTRACT —

YEAH —



"THEY HAD NO CONFIDENCE IN THE REST OF THE BAND, THOUGH JACK ASKED ME ALONG... I WAS HIS SONG-WRITING PARTNER, AFTER ALL —"



"BUT I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THE NEW BAND — JACK BLACK AND THE BLADES, AS YOU RECALL — WAS GOING. TOO MUCH DOPE AND HARD LIVING. "

"JACK WAS ONLY 24 WHEN HE DIED — LEAVING THREE CLASSIC ALBUMS AND A LEGEND BEHIND. "



THAT'S THE REAL REASON I WANTED  
TO TALK TO YOU ALONE, MS. TREE -  
I HAVE THE TAPES, THE ONLY  
EXISTING COPIES,  
OF OUR  
UNRELEASED  
ALBUM -



GOOD GOD -  
UNRELEASED  
JACK BLACK  
MATERIAL  
WOULD BE A  
GOLDMINE -



"I KNOW. BUT I DON'T NEED THE  
MONEY. I CO-WROTE EIGHT OF  
JACK'S HITS - I'M A MILLIONAIRE  
MANY TIMES OVER. EVEN TWO EX-WIVES  
AND THE ALIMONY THAT GO WITH 'EM  
DON'T FAZE ME. "

MIST SAID YOU'RE CONTENT TO  
COLLECT AND DEAL IN OLD RECORDS  
AND WRITE A SONG NOW AND THEN.  
YOUR STUFF'S STILL BEING RECORDED.



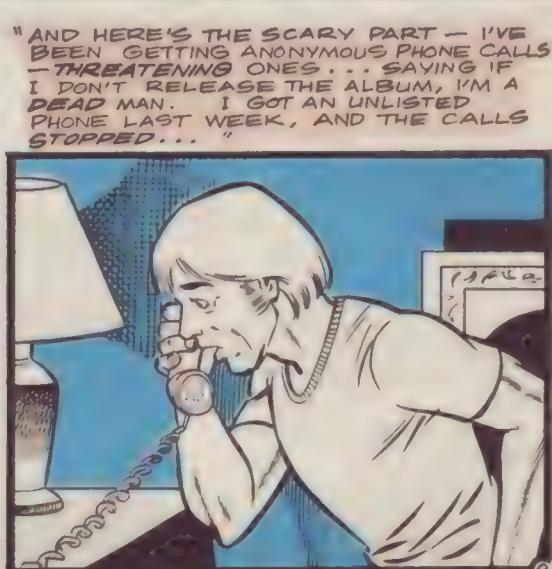
SURE, AND I HAVE  
NO DESIRE TO  
PERFORM AGAIN -

BUT WHY NOT  
RELEASE  
THE TAPE ?



"BECAUSE I PROMISED JACK BLACK  
I WOULDN'T. HE KNEW WE HAD A  
COMPLETE IF UNPOLISHED ALBUM IN  
THE CAN. AND HE FEARED ITS RELEASE  
- CONSIDERED IT EARLY, UNWORTHY  
MATERIAL. BUBBLE GUM ROCK. "





WHO STANDS TO  
GAIN IF THE  
ALBUM IS  
RELEASED?

THE GUYS IN  
THE BAND, AND  
OUR MANAGER,  
MANNY PULATSKI.

"PULATSKI'S STILL BOOKING ACTS  
AROUND HERE. MANNY IS LOOKING  
TO BREAK INTO THE BIG TIME.  
I CONSIDER HIM A PRIME SLEAZE  
AND HAVEN'T HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH  
HIM IN YEARS — "



JOE, I'M  
SORRY TO  
BUTT IN.  
CAN I HAVE  
A WORD?

SURE. YOU CAN TALK  
IN FRONT OF MS. TREE —  
SHE'S A FRIEND.

I'M GETTING PRESSURE  
FROM THOSE GUYS I  
OWE MONEY TO — THEY  
WANT THAT TAPE —



RICK, NO WAY. YOU'LL  
MAKE PLENTY OF DOUGH  
FROM THE REUNION CONCERT  
AND THE RESULTING ALBUM.

BUT I  
NEED  
TEN  
YARDS  
NOW —

STOP OVER TONIGHT AND  
I'LL LOAN YOU THE DOUGH.  
BUT NO MORE TALK  
ABOUT THE TAPE. OKAY?

OKAY —



THE RECORD SHOW CLOSED UP AROUND FOUR, BUT IT WAS ALMOST SIX BEFORE THE DEALERS HAD ALL MOVED OUT —



THANKS, YOU TWO. CAN ONE OR BOTH OF YOU COME OVER TONIGHT? I NEED TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT TO DO ABOUT THESE THREATS —

SURE —

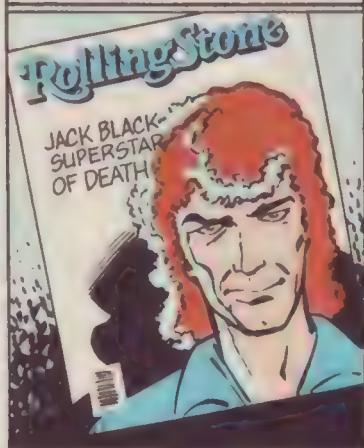


I DIDN'T THINK MIST WAS CONVINCED JOE WAS IN ANY DANGER; IN THE PARKING LOT, I SAID SO —

JOE'S HAD THOSE TAPES FOR YEARS. IF SOMEBODY WAS GOING TO KILL HIM OVER 'EM, THEY'D HAVE DONE IT BY NOW.



"I DON'T AGREE," I SAID. "JACK BLACK'S BIGGER NOW, TEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH, THAN HE EVER WAS ALIVE."



MAYBE. BUT —

HEY! LOOK —



"THAT'S RICK KITT," MIST SAID. "AND THOSE GUYS ARE WORKIN' HIM OVER —"



CAN ANYBODY  
PLAY, OR IS THIS  
A CLOSED GAME ?

BUTT OUT,  
BUD!  
THIS IS A  
PERSONAL  
MATTER -

THIS BOY DOESN'T  
PAY HIS GAMBLING  
DEBTS, DIG ?

WELL, IF WE'RE  
TALKING GAMBLING,  
WHY NOT EVEN UP  
THE ODDS ?



WE'D STUCK AROUND TO TURN  
THE TWO ARMBREAKERS OVER  
TO THE COPS, AND WE'D GOTTEN  
RICK TO A HOSPITAL —

EMERGENCY



ALL OF WHICH DELAYED US GETTING  
TO JOE'S, AND JOE WAS DEAD  
WHEN WE GOT THERE — HIS  
PRECIOUS TAPE APPARENTLY  
MISSING.



COME IN,  
MANNY —

WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

WE'RE FRIENDS OF  
JOE LOYOLA — WHAT  
BRINGS YOU HERE?



I'M THE MANAGER OF  
THE KEYS! I GOTTA  
TALK TO JOE ABOUT MY  
PIECE OF THE REUNION  
CONCERT ACTION —





FOR PAUL THOMAS

In the winter of 1959, right around Christmas, when I was 11 years old and a few months away from 12, I was inside watching TV, staying out of the cold, and saw a filmed special - an all-star program designed to raise funds for the Heart Association. One of the many performers was

# BOBBY DARIN

WRITTEN BY  
**MAX COLLINS**  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
**TERRY BEATTY**



©1983  
by Collins  
and Beatty

I had a musical background - my father was a high school music teacher and I'd played kid roles in his local productions of Carousel and Annie Get Your Gun - so I'd grown up around show tunes, and had liked rock 'n' roll ever since "Hound Dog" -

And, like any normal male child of the '50s, I loved "blood-and-thunder" stories (as my 6th grade teacher, in distaste, described the violent little tales I was submitting as "creative writing") - and "Mack the Knife" was right up my alley...



Though it was already a big hit, I hadn't heard "Mack the Knife" (which was at its peak on the charts as I was discovering it); I wasn't listening to the radio yet...



But the summer before, on vacation, I'd battled my father over control of the car radio - he wanted to listen to baseball; I wanted to hear "Splish Splash," a raucous rock 'n' roll novelty song they seemed to be playing constantly...



And now, as I took the two weeks allowance I'd saved to buy "Mack the Knife," I discovered the same guy had done both those great songs.



Soon I was 12 - a pre-teen, it was called in those days - searching for every Bobby Darin record I could find - some of them pretty obscure...



As well as the string of hits in '58-'59 between "Splish Splash" and "Mack" -



And for Christmas, '59, I'd gotten the album...



"Mack the Knife" and "Beyond the Sea" came from this...

I'd never heard anything like it; neither had anyone else, really - a rock 'n' roller was doing Sinatra, only better: the rock 'n' roll cockiness, brashness, was still there...



A few years before, Darin had been writing commercial jingles with his friend and collaborator Don Kirshner, when a jingle Darin had recorded a demo of caught an agent's ear...



Just a week before, another young recording artist had debuted on the Dorsey show - Elvis Presley - and Darin's nervous debut (he had written lyrics on his palm and when it got sweaty, the lyrics ran) went unnoticed.

Within days Darin had a recording contract with Decca, and a spot on the Dorsey Brothers' summer TV show -



The run of bad luck continued; he was forced to change agents when the father of Connie Francis (whose agent Darin shared) demanded their romance be broken off.



His Decca contract lapsed, and Atlantic (ATCO) picked him up - but after another string of flops, he was due to be dropped - till he took the suggestion of a song title from the mother of his d.j. friend Murray the K.



Dick Clark agreed, on hearing "Splish Splash," that the struggling singer had finally "done it" - but months later advised against Darin using the earnings to record the "That's All" album -



For the next few years, I followed Darin's career with obsessive loyalty - buying every single, every album, every fan magazine with a mention of him -



Show biz rallied around him; alone of the teen idols, Darin seemed to have genuine talent...the old-timers, particularly, loved the "youngster" who - unlike other rock 'n' rollers - had a sense of history.



Darin's contemporaries soon began to imitate him - Frankie Avalon and Paul Anka recorded Darin-style albums, and Bobby Rydell developed into the second-string Darin, even doing an impression of him in his own *Copa* act.



And the period 1958-1963 was the Golden One for Darin - he was more than just another teen idol, and he knew it - which made him controversial, to say the least...



George Burns, in his first appearances since Gracie Allen's retirement, chose Darin as his partner in his Las Vegas act. Burns became "the father I never had," Darin said. When Gracie Allen died in 1964, Darin stayed with Burns so the older man wouldn't be alone in an empty house.



But the show business generation that immediately preceded Darin's included some dissenters.



Darin's public reply: "I'm only too happy to...till graduation!"

When the Beatles hit in late '63, the teen idol era was over - and Bobby Darin's star faded a bit. My interest in Darin stayed with me, but I was like everybody else in 1964 - the Beatles were God to me...



His marriage in 1960 to superstarlet Sandra Dee was complicated by her dislike of his constant personal appearances - by all accounts, Darin lived to perform live - but at Mrs. Darin's request, he retired...



Darin was an excellent actor; no rock 'n' roller - perhaps no pop star of any generation - turned in dramatic performances of the caliber of his in "Hell Is For Heroes," "Too Late Blues" and "Pressure Point" (among others).

**TOO LATE BLUES**

Produced and Directed by JOHN CASSAVETES

**BOBBY DARIN & STELLA STEVENS**

**THE BOLD STORY OF A MAN CALLED BETWEEN TWO STRANGE LOVES!**

Darin's career was complicated by too much talent - he did impressions and played countless instruments in his club act; he scored films; he pioneered folk-rock and country-rock; he even did Ray Charles - when asked how he had the nerve to do the latter, he said -



He continued to record - and write - music; but a lot of the emphasis went to his movie career...



ACADEMY AWARD NOMINEE,  
BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR, 1964  
FOR "CAPTAIN NEWMAN, M.D."

At the same time, he and Sandra Dee became the second-generation Rock Hudson/Doris Day in three Universal bedroom farces, the best of which - "That Funny Feeling" - co-starred one of Darin's role models, Donald O'Connor.



Darin's marriage finally collapsed, after several separations, in 1966; but he remained close to Sandra Dee, and despite many subsequent romances and an abortive second marriage (to his secretary) in 1973, he obviously considered her the love of his life. Dee has never remarried and seems all but retired from show business.



During this period, Darin became politically active - he campaigned heavily for Bobby Kennedy.



Darin traded in his tux for denim - grew sideburns and a mustache - and alienated his Las Vegas crowds with songs like "Long Line Rider" (his last hit), the true story of prisoners being murdered on an Arkansas prison farm.\*



\*later the basis of the film "Brubaker"

The last major Bobby Darin hit was the folk-rock "If I Were a Carpenter," written by Tim Hardin\* - Darin reciprocated by writing "Simple Song of Freedom" for Hardin, who had a hit with the anti-war song.



\*Hardin died in 1980 of a heroin overdose.

And was devastated by Kennedy's death.

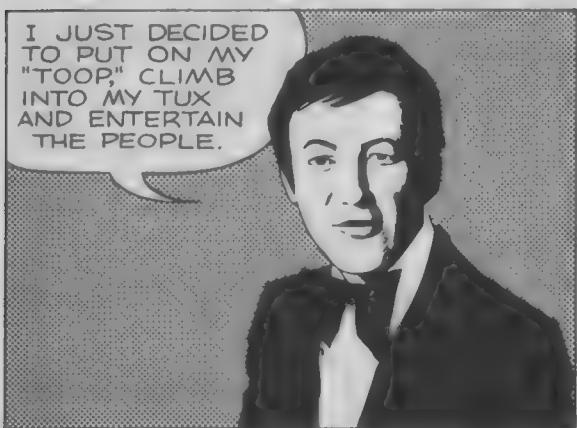


The new "Bob Darin" was no phony - no Johnny-come-lately show-biz liberal. He was a thoughtful, troubled man, who sold all his possessions except his books and guitar, and moved to Big Sur.



Then, around 1969, I was surprised - and delighted - to see Bobby Darin "back in town." A talk show host asked him about his return...

I JUST DECIDED TO PUT ON MY "TOOP," CLIMB INTO MY TUX AND ENTERTAIN THE PEOPLE.



"Bobby Darin" was a stage persona, he explained; a character he played - that he liked to play - as long as he could keep "Bobby Darin" separate from the real man.



I was playing music myself, now - my rock band The Daybreakers had a brief flirtation with success when we put out one single nationally - on Bobby Darin's label, Atlantic.

## THE DAYBREAKERS



Any rock band I've ever been in has carried at least one Bobby Darin song.

I didn't think much about it, at first; a little sad twinge - that was about it. Then I'd heard the report on my car radio, followed by a d.j. being thoughtful for a change -



One day in 1973, near Christmas, I got a phone call from my mother -



Complications after open-heart surgery...

I always thought "Beyond the Sea" was Darin's best lyric reading - sensitive but brash; melancholy yet vital. I pulled the car over and cried.



I always hoped to write the story of his life, but in 1981 somebody beat me to it: Al DiOrio. And he did a good job\*...



\* \$9.95 plus \$1 postage, Running Press, 125 S. 22nd Street, Phil., PA 19103

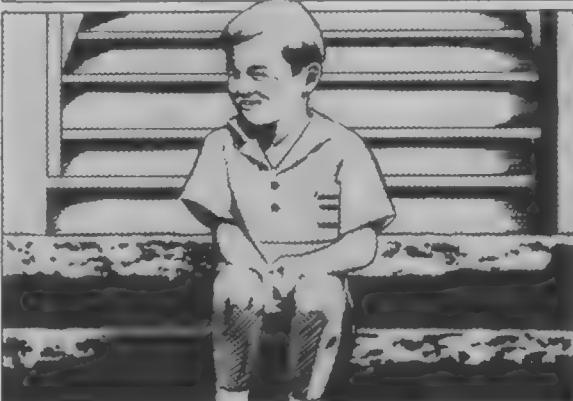
But I didn't know a doctor had told him and his family that he would probably not live to be 25 - and that any years he had beyond 35 would be gifts.



His versatility made sense, too - he had desperately tried, in the short time allotted him, to conquer every aspect of show business - and life - that he could.



In that book, I found out things even I didn't know about Bobby Darin - I knew he'd been born Walden Robert Cassotto in the Bronx in 1936; that he'd had rheumatic fever as a child...



Suddenly a lot of things made sense - "cocky" Bobby Darin had expected to be a legend by 25 only because he thought he'd be dead by 25.



I'd heard that he picked his stage name from a phone book; it turns out the partially burnt-out neon of a Chinese restaurant provided it...



He named his own beloved son Dodd after his own childhood nickname, which came from "da da," his first words - though his father had died before Bobby was born.

DODD AND BOBBY  
IN 1967



Sandra Dee's Russian Orthodox church required Dodd's christening name be changed to the nearest Russian equivalent: Da Da.

She was his mother. The "mother" he'd known had really been his grandmother; he was an illegitimate child.



This explained the "Bob Darin"/Big Sur self-examination period.

But the overriding fact I learned was his poor health: that dynamic Bobby Darin, even in the early days, would rush off-stage and take oxygen...

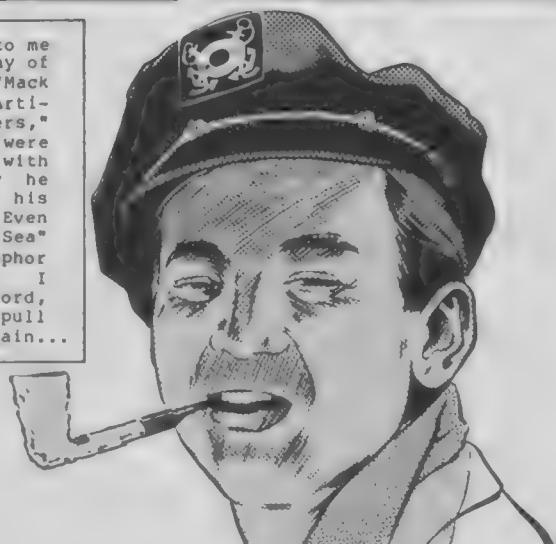


But he didn't survive the surgeon's knife -

JUST A JACK KNIFE  
HAS OLD MAC HEATH,  
DEAR...



And it occurs to me now that so many of his songs - "Mack the Knife," "Artificial Flowers," "Clementine" - were concerned with death - usually he was thumbing his nose at it. Even "Beyond the Sea" seems a metaphor now - and if I write another word, I'll have to pull the car over again...



At the peak of his political interest, when he hoped to run for office as a Democrat in California, his "sister" made an admission -



From successful open-heart surgery in '71, he had gone back to the Vegas stage (where he was its highest-paid performer in history, at that time); and to Motown recordings, and an acclaimed TV series -



# THE DAYBREAKERS

MAX COLLINS

In 1966, shortly before I graduated from high school, I became involved in a local pop combo (as we tended to call it then - that's "garage band," to you revisionist historians). The Daybreakers (a name we took because our first job was an after-prom party) was a Top 40 band, with the usual intentions/pretensions toward original material, and making it big. Since we were operating out of a little Iowa rivertown called Muscatine, and three of our five members were junior high kids, and the group's leader (me) had ordered a Farfisa organ by mail and then learned to play it, such notions were - as the Blues Magoos might say - pipe dreams.

But after a more or less successful first year, including winning a major "Battle of the Bands" (competing against a score or so of seasoned groups, at the Col Ballroom in Davenport), we began working up original material and saving money for a recording session. And a few months later we found ourselves in Nashville, in the Columbia studios....

The Nashville session came about when country western singer Jack Barlow stopped by to hear us at one of our rehearsals. Barlow - who'd been in my music-teacher father's high school chorus, way back when, long before Barlow moved to Nashville and made it fairly big - said he thought we were good, and that his producer, Buddy Killen, had mentioned he was looking for a rock group. Killen produced artists for Dot (Barlow's label) and Atlantic (on a subsidiary label, Dial) and worked with country artists on the former and r & b artists on the latter. Apparently Atlantic had been pressuring him to find a rock act; remembering this, Barlow offered to arrange renting studio time in Nashville to record the songs, and he would ask Killen, as a favor, to handle the producing gratis.

The recording time, as I recall, was something like \$500 an hour. We figured we could get two sides done in an hour or so. Considering how little overdubbing was done in those days, that was actually realistic. Barlow's notion was that once Killen heard us, he'd sign us to Dial and absorb the recording costs; and, if he didn't, we'd still have a record produced by a topflight producer to go back home and release locally.

Of the five songs we worked up, I wrote three: "If You Really Love Me" (a Kinks-influenced rocker); "Daybreak" (a ballad); and "Psychedelic Siren." The latter came about when a friend of mine at

the junior college, a science whiz named Dave Metz, showed me an invention of his, a little black box with two knobs on it - the box, when plugged into an amplifier like an instrument, could then be "played" by fiddling with the two knobs, producing an oscillating high-pitched tone that seemed to me to vaguely resemble a siren. So I wrote a song around the thing and, since this was after all the dawning of the age of Aquarius, I decided to key it around the then very current word "psychedelic." None of us, at that point, had taken any drugs; none of us had even seen any. This was Iowa in 1967 and everybody in the band but me was fourteen. Innocent days.

We rehearsed, adding our arrangement of Gershwin's "Summertime" to the list of songs, as well as lead guitarist Mike Bridges' "Afterthoughts," which Mike resented drummer Buddy Busch and I having tinkered with (and, to add insult to injury, we were sharing songwriting credit with him, and maybe even deserved to). Rhythm guitarist Denny Maxwell "played" the black box lead on "Psychedelic Siren." The songs came together quickly and well.

Then bassist Chuck Bunn, having just graduated from the community college, decided he wouldn't be able to stay in the band and go onto to Kirksville to school; and, since he didn't think it would be fair to play at the recording session and then split and make us replace him at such a crucial point, he reluctantly left. He was an important part of the band - he was a



year older than me, and a verteran of several other good local groups, and had joined us when our original bassist left after only a few months; his experience and know-how had turned us into a real band. Sixteen years later I can still feel the despair (no kidding, that's what it was) I felt over losing Chuck.

We added Tom Hetzler, formerly bassist for a legendary local group called Corruption, Inc. It was a stretch for Tom to put up with our clean-cut image, but the combination of steady bookings and Nashville convinced him. We played a few jobs (they weren't "gigs" yet) and soon were in a two-car caravan on our way to Nashville, dragging our yellow-trimmed-in-red THE DAYBREAKERS trailer behind us, with a big larger-than-life smiling face of Wonder Warthog on posterboard tacked to the back, with WW saying, "Nashville or bust!"

We arrived the day before we were to record; Killen wanted to meet with us, in the afternoon. The Tree Studios were modern but not particularly spacious, and there were awards - and gold records - on the walls; for reasons I don't understand to this day, it reminded me of a funeral home, and I - we - were very scared. But Killen relaxed us almost immediately, a trim, tan, handsome unpretentious man in a blazer and slacks; he had a ready smile and seemed nice, and very sincere. He walked us into a small room where there was a piano and an organ and some chairs lining the walls; I didn't know what this room was for and I still don't, but I thought "funeral home" again. Then Killen showed me to the piano and asked me to play the tunes we'd brought along to record.

My heart sank. I was not then (and never became) an accomplished keyboard player. I could do one thing, where keyboards were concerned: play rock 'n' roll organ; I played chords, did some fiddling rhythmically with those chords, and had a good right hand, which is to say I could play bluesy pseudo-Jimmy Smith style leads and even some Jerry Lee-type honky tonk piano if pressed (sans all important boogie-woogie left hand); but I could not sit at a piano and make it sound like anything. I asked him to let me shift to the organ and he said, why sure. I did a little better, there, but when I played "Psychedelic Siren" for him, I was embarrassed; without the siren in the middle (an effect that was impossible to explain), it sounded "real lame" to me, and I said so.

But when I'd gone through all the songs for him, with the exception of "Summertime," it was "Psychedelic Siren" that he liked best - the only reason he gave was: "Now, that song - that song's about love."

That was news to me.

Still, we were encouraged by the meeting with Killen, and began to think we had a shot at something.

That next afternoon, staying at the Holiday Inn, my chaperoning parents in one room, the five of us guys split up in two others, we had a strange adventure - for five kids from Iowa.

A thin man with longish dark hair and a hawklike countenance in a mod-cut suit and pointed boots was standing in the doorway of the room between our two rooms. He'd noticed us a couple of times since we checked in, and we'd noticed him. He had a wide, nervous smile and seemed to study us.

"You all boys in a band?" he asked.

We said we were.

"Ever hear tell of the Kershaw Brothers?"

I hadn't, but Denny had.

"Well, I'm Doug. You heard 'Louisana Man,' surely - " And he sang a little of it and pounded his foot and played an imaginary fiddle.

That we'd all heard.

"You all come on in here," he said.

There was a very pretty woman in his bed; she was bored and doing her nails.

He sat on the floor next to the bed and encouraged us to do the same. Motioning that we should gather 'round.

Then he began questioning us about what we were doing in Nashville, and we told him; he told us we were in good hands with Buddy Killen, and then asked us if we had our instruments handy - he wanted to jam with us.

That didn't pan out, as hauling the electric guitars and amps up to his second-floor room would've been unrealistic, but Kershaw had an acoustic guitar and the guitarists in the crowd passed it around, and pretty soon we were writing songs. I have no memory of the songs themselves, but Kershaw, who was a little manic but very charming, copied the two or three we wrote down in a black notebook he kept tucked in his side sportcoat pocket.

He gave us yards of show biz advice; shared anecdotes about his friends in the business, primarily Roger Miller; and talked about splitting from his brother and going solo.

We saw him again the next afternoon, and we had another session of songwriting and stories and advice in his room. The pretty bored woman, still pretty bored, was also still in bed. (Li'l Abner to Appassionata VonClimax, re: her arrangement with General Bullmoose: "Do you get bed and board, ma'm?") Appassionata: "Extremely.")

Kershaw claimed to think we were very good, and said he was going to call Killen and tell him so; said he wanted to be at the session and help produce us. His lady friend, less impressed with us, reminded him it was time to get ready for a banquet of some kind they were attending. That was the last we saw or heard of him (at least till he began achieving some major national fame a few years later - some of his records having been produced by Buddy Killen).

At Columbia Studios that evening, the sessions went smoothly; we did "Psychedelic Siren" first and Killen loved the effect Denny Maxwell got out of that black box. We did the song in two or three takes; we did the instrumental and the lead and backing vocals at the same time, overdubbing only some added vocal harmonies. "Afterthoughts" and "You Really Love Me" went quickly and well, as did "Daybreak." Some studio people wandered into the glass booth while we were working on "Daybreak" and from their reaction it seemed obvious that the song was pretty good. We went onto "Summertime," but I'm not sure if we got a passable take; I remember Killen calling a halt to the proceedings because I was vocally shot, after three or four tries.

Throughout this my parents were in the booth with Killen; my father and I would exchange looks, now and then, because the session had gone three hours, and at \$500 or so an hour, well... But nobody wanted to tell the enthusiastic Killen it was quitting time. Finally we stood in the booth listening to the tapes; we were particularly pleased with "If You Really

"Love Me," which really rocked. The most impressive thing to us about "Psychedelic Siren" seemed to be Buddy's breakneck drumming. "Afterthoughts" sounded (to us, anyway) like the Byrds collaborating with the Turtles - both Mike and Denny using twelve-string guitars gave the song a nice density; at one point, when Denny's smooth rhythm guitar came in after a drum break, it sounded like a string section had been dubbed in. Best of all was "Daybreak," but Killen indicated he didn't want to use that. He liked the song, but felt different lyrics would improve it - a story, he suggested (betraying his country-western roots) would be better.

"You come up with some new lyrics," he said to me, "and we'll cut that one again - next time."

We all looked at each other. Next time?

Sure enough, Killen immediately took us into a nearby office and signed us to longterm recording and songwriting contracts; we were Atlantic (or technically Dial) recording artists, now. And we didn't owe Columbia Studios a cent - paying for our studio time was Atlantic's responsibility.

We hung around the studio for a while, feeling like we'd made it. Not smug...except maybe for Tom, a little. Just quietly happy, secure. A little local pop combo was going to be the first band from Iowa to release a national record.

Killen allowed us to hang around while he recorded a string section to be added to a Joe Tex tune ("A Woman's Hands"); Tex recorded at Stax, in Memphis, but everything but the basic tracks were handled in Nashville.

We went home, and waited for our lives to radically change.

They didn't.

But music did: on our way back from Nashville, we heard on the radio for the first time "Purple Haze" by Jimi Hendrix and "Light My Fire" by the Doors. We were vaguely aware of Hendrix and the Doors, from reading about them in music magazines, and maybe a couple of us had heard albums; but AM radio? Music had changed right under us. Our Paul Revere/Turtles/Kinks style was going out-of-fashion before our very ears....

The first songs we learned when we got back we "Purple Haze" and "Light My Fire." (We also learned "Come on Down to My Boat Baby" by Every Mother's Son, which was more familiar territory.)

When he finally got around to releasing a Daybreakers single, Killen chose to pair "Psychedelic Siren" (our least favorite cut) and "Afterthoughts" (nice enough, but no A side). Still, had Killen released the record sooner, it might have been a hit; "Psychedelic Siren" was just bad enough - enough of a novelty tune - to have taken hold. And today you'd be hearing it on some K-Tel collection.

But he didn't release it till the last week of December, '67; we'd recorded it, if memory serves, in July. Music had shifted radically in those months; also, Killen had had a big success with Joe Tex's "Skinny Legs and All," and was very busy. We came to feel that somebody - someone at Atlantic, maybe - had rained on his (and our) parade; his belief in and enthusiasm for us had been quashed, somewhere, by somebody, along the line. The record came out, sans promotion, and sank without a trace.

Or almost without a trace. The record did chart in our local area of the midwest; we were on the KSTT Survey for several months and got a lot of airplay from them. There was some scattered airplay around the midwest. It kept the bookings coming in, and kept the Daybreakers going for a good long time. When the record was still on the KSTT charts, we appeared in a series of three concerts (two in Davenport, one in Des Moines) on a bill with the Rascals, and Gary Puckett and the Union Gap. I can still see Felix Cavaliere and the rest of the Rascals listening in the wings to the crazy black box lead on "Psychedelic Siren," bopping up and down (then disappearing when that "tune" was over).

We did a few other concerts, in '68, with name groups; the Buckinghams, for one, in Des Moines, and later in Iowa City, an outdoor "festival" with the Strawberry Alarmclock...by which point times had really changed.

The band in one form or another lasted until 1971 (starting back up again in 1976 as the nostalgia band Crusin', which ran until 1983, having evolved into the new-wave group the Ones); but the configuration of the band that recorded at Nashville didn't last long. An automobile accident a month or so after we got back took Hetzler out of the band with a broken leg; there was also some parental concern because Hetzler had been (horror!) drinking beer around (and possibly with) the younger Daybreakers. He was replaced by Bruce Peters, a great performer about whom I may



THE DAYBREAKERS, 1966: Max Collins, Mike Bridges, Denny Maxwell, Buddy Busch, Chuck Bunn

write more in a sequel to this piece. Denny Maxwell left the band in '68 - about the same time Lyndon Johnson resigned. Mike, Buddy and I stayed together for a long time, with various other members; Buddy and I lasted till the bitter end, the fall of '71.

But we never could get Buddy Killen to give us a second chance. He never released a second single; we had hoped a single called "Daybreak" (the only song we'd done that had some real originality - that didn't sound derivative) would appear. He never responded to the various demo tapes we sent down. He would accept my calls, and was polite and nice; but Nashville never happened again.

Despite my feeling that "Psychedelic Siren" is a very silly record, I've always been sort of proud to have had a national record released. The occasional checks from Tree or Dial or BMI, which initially ran \$50 or more and dwindled to 27 cents, were fun to receive.

Then last year I got my first check from BMI in a decade - for forty-some cents. Not a windfall by any means, but why on earth would I get any check from BMI? Who in God's name could have been playing "Psychedelic Siren" at this late date on the radio?

The mystery of the renewed if infinitesimal BMI money was solved recently when I discovered that a record company known only as "Calico Records" had put "Psychedelic Siren" on a collection called "Psychedelic Unknowns." This was a two-EP set of "'60s punk." Other volumes have followed, the first two volumes having been gathered on an LP, reportedly a British import. Calico Records is apparently a bootleg outfit; judging from the sound quality, "Psychedelic Siren" came off a copy of the record, not a master tape from Atlantic - it's also a trifle slower

than the frantic original. Until I informed him not so long ago, Buddy Killen had no idea that this garage band skeleton in his closet had come creaking out to be embraced by some small part of the public. But I am tickled, as are the other ex-Daybreakers.

It's amusing and amazing that there's some interest in that orphaned record of so many summers ago. I'm particularly amused because the interest is due at least partially to a resurgence of interest in psychedelia, when that record is overtly anti-drug, if in a tongue-in-cheek manner ("Banana's just a fruit to me, the peel's thrown on the ground" - a lot of talk about smoking bananas was going around in the summer of '67, as per Donovan's "electrical banana"); and those of us in the band - at that time, anyway - were anything but into psychedelics. Our Farfisa-sound, our Paul Revere bent, makes us stand out from the rest of the Psychedelic Unknowns, who seem to have come along later than we did (my guess is that our summer of '67 recording was done well before any or at least most of the other "Unknowns" recorded).

Not long ago I sent a bid in to a record dealer - for about a year in "'60s punk/psychedelic" ads running in The Goldmine, I'd been seeing our record (copies of the original, I mean) turning up for auction. This dealer had mint copies of both the promo and the regular release; so, in a letter explaining who I was and why I had an interest in this particular disc, I bid \$3.51, each, assuming no fool would go any higher than that for that silly record. A month later the dealer wrote me saying he wished he had "better news" for me - bidding on those records was "high and heavy - with most bids falling between \$14 and \$18."

Looks like the Daybreakers have finally made it....



The above article was originally published in 1983 in the record-collecting publication RPM, as a sequel to a rather detailed account of the early days of the band, "The Daybreakers: A Memoir," which appeared earlier in 1983 in the Terry Beatty-edited THE RECORD SPINNER, a short-lived record-collecting newszine published by Alan Light. What follows tells "the rest of the story" and provides an update.



When young Bruce Peters joined the band in 1967, shortly after the Nashville session from which "Psychedelic Siren" emerged, replacing bassist Tom Hetzler, the Daybreakers broke out of the local-scene pack. Peters, 13 when he first joined, moved quickly from bass to lead guitar; his showmanship and prodigy-like mastery of a dozen or more instruments, not to mention his terrific singing voice (with perfect pitch and a mimic's ear few musicians could match), gave the Daybreakers the boost it needed. Soon only the fabled XLs were above us in the local-band hierarchy, and they tried to raid us at one point (XL's bass player Joe McClean tried to recruit Peters and myself but we opted to stay with our own group).

Bruce was a part of the band when we did our various "Psychedelic Siren" promotional appearances, including the mini-tour with the Rascals and Gary Puckett in late '67. From '67 through '70, we did many demos, mostly original material, most of it written by me; Bruce was just beginning to write songs and only one composition ("Endless Dream," for which I wrote lyrics) made it to the demo stage.

Nonetheless, it was Bruce who moved us into a more sophisticated area, musically; we carried material by the Blues Project, Vanilla Fudge, Cream, Deep Purple and other progressive bands, early, early on. During this period we won the Iowa State Fair "Teen Town" Battle of the Bands two years running. But soon we moved through our "heavy metal" phase, having grown bored with it, just when it started to catch on with Iowa fans; we reverted to '50s and mid-'60s material - Beatles, Stones, Byrds, Hollies especially - in the midst of "In a Gadda Da Vida" boredom. We did do one long-form song, however - a memorable "Spill the Wine," with involved, rather obscene improvisational lyrics, usually having to do with Sumo wrestlers, as I recall, with Bruce Peters doing a devastating parody of Eric Burden's vocal style. "Spill the Wine" was known to last for half an hour, on a typical night.

The members of the band during this period - roughly, '67 through '70 - were Peters, Busch, myself, and bassist/singer Terry Beckey. Paul Thomas joined in '68 as a "roving" musician - playing bass and

rhythm guitar, when either Bruce or Terry went out to front the band vocally. Bruce and Terry had developed into powerful, versatile lead singers, so I sang lead less and less as the years went by (although in the later *Crusin'* years I took on a lot of the lead singing).

The entire band - but particularly Beckey and Peters - had a wicked, sarcastic sense of humor which tended to get us in trouble. One particularly notorious incident had Bruce Peters (during his Jim Morrison period) withdrawing a crucifix from his open fly - at a dance at Catholic school; several nuns reportedly fled in tears. Bruce, product of Catholic schools himself, was delighted. A less nasty but typical Daybreakers/Rox approach would be to answer a request for some rotten song by doing the opening eight bars, during which time people got out on the dance floor, hooting with pleasure, only for us to stop dead in our tracks, with Peters laughing at the audience, saying, "We don't play that shit!" (A near suicidal taunting of the audience lasted well through the Ones days; this practice endeared the band to hipper crowds.)

Clearly, our early clean-cut image was a thing of the past; and in the later days, this cut into the number of school dances we could attract, though the band's following became as much for unpredictable and bad-taste humor as for music, which endeared us on the Iowa City/Ames frat party circuit.

Not long after the name "Daybreakers" was abandoned in favor of "Rox," we added a second guitarist, Larry Barrett, ex-lead singer/guitarist of Uncle and the Anteaters. Vocally the band was at its peak - typical of the vocally complex material we did were "One Man Band" by Three Dog Night and "Rock and Roll Woman" by the Buffalo Springfield.

Barrett was a wonderful musician, but a little naive, and he didn't know what to



make of Bruce's sense of humor. One evening, on the way to a dance at an American Legion Hall in some remote corner of Iowa, he revealed to us that he was concerned that his girl friend was "late," meaning possibly with child; when queried about birth control, Larry confided to us that he used the "rhythm method," which created much laughter and little sympathy. He begged Bruce not to say anything embarrassing about this on the mike at the dance, because his girl friend would be there. A very restrained Bruce introduced the members of the band that night, himself on lead guitar, me on organ, Buddy on drums, and Larry Barrett "on rythym method - I mean, guitar!" (Barrett was initially stunned and then amused; his girl friend, in the audience, thought it was hilarious. She was no longer late, by the way.)

Musically, the band was at its height, but the jobs were drying up. In 1971, bars were not heavily into hiring rock bands as yet, at least not in our area - with the exception of Iowa City; we depended on a few major dance halls (Swisher, Stanwood), school dances and frat parties. And records were starting to replace live music at many such functions. We never broke up, exactly - the jobs just went away, and we drifted apart, in the summer of 1971.

Bruce and Paul Thomas had begun, around 1970, to do some recording together - demos of material that we hoped the band would eventually record. Bruce's material - with Beatles and Beach Boys echoes - struck me then as brilliant; and it still does. At one point Bruce and Paul were talking to Apple about a contract; shortly after, Apple folded, and none of the other majors expressed any serious interest. Their masterpiece was a song called "Some Kind of Love," which you can hear for yourself, if you buy a copy of our retrospective album.

The answer to the question "whatever happened to" the Daybreakers is a little

sad, in some cases; more than a little sad, actually. Terry Beckey - who had gone on to be a full-time professional musician, travelling with any number of slick lounge acts - was murdered in his motel room, over a few dollars, several years ago. Larry Barrett, still in his early 30s, died of a heart attack, while on the road in Florida in the late '70s. Bruce Peters has been plagued with health problems, which have seriously cut into his creativity. Happier endings were in store for original Daybreakers Buddy Busch and Mike Bridges, both of whom are devoutly religious, now - and Bruce Peters himself is a Born Again Christian, his crucifix no longer in his pants. How the wheel does turn.

Other former Daybreakers - like Denny Maxwell, Tom Hetzler, Chuck Bunn, Jim Hoffmann - have settled down into normal lives including families and non-musical professions. Both Paul Thomas and I have been in and out of the music business, though Paul's creativity is now largely channelled into writing computer programs.

For a little over a year (1976-7), Bruce Peters played with the last incarnation of the Daybreakers - *Crusin'* - which played '60s and early '70s (and a smattering of '50s) "nostalgia" rock. He was truly at his performing peak, his energy, his showmanship unmatched. We were working as fulltime musicians, although we seldom "went on the road" - our reputation in eastern Iowa kept us nicely afloat, and we planned to record Bruce's originals, building our own small recording studio behind Paul's house. We even had our own "Cavern" - we played every other week at a rustic place called the Pub, just outside Burlington, Iowa, where we packed the joint - crowds of 800 to a 1000 (well over capacity) were not unusual. But those aforementioned health problems caught up with Bruce. He had to be replaced, by Rob Gal - a fine musician and an outstanding showman in his own right - and the band continued on successfully (eventually changing their name to the Ones) even after I left to go fulltime with my fiction-writing career.

In recent years, *Crusin'* has played several reunion gigs, to packed houses in this little neck of the woods where we were rural superstars. Rob Gal, operating out of Atlanta now (his new band, briefly called The Beatles, has recorded as The Coolies, doing hysterically funny but strangely effective heavy metal versions of Simon and Garfunkel tunes) has come back for most of them; the most recent gig, however, brought original Daybreakers guitarist Denny Maxwell back into the fold. We even played "Psychedelic Siren," a truly weird experience after all this time. One of the reunions is partly captured on record - *"Crusin'" - GOLD RECORD*, a five-song EP from Rock 'n' Roll Records.

Gail Andersen's interest in doing a Daybreakers retrospective album for his Unlimited Productions was a happy surprise for Paul Thomas and me. When Gail first called, we told him there simply wasn't enough existing material for us to do a Daybreakers album; but we began digging around and came up with 11 vintage cuts, including three we hadn't heard since they were originally recorded in '67-'68. In fact, one of them - "In My Own Good Time" - a song I wrote, I'd completely forgotten about; it did sound vaguely familiar. The biggest surprise was producer Buddy Killen coming through with "If You Really Love Me," the missing track from the Nashville



session, the wild little rocker that seems to be one of the best-liked tunes on the album - although calling that grungy little ditty a "tune" might be stretching a point.

Unfortunately, most of the original demos are missing and what we had to work with were largely outtakes - meaning some off-pitch singing, poor sound mixes and other glitches mar the available material; and some of the tapes were in wretched condition. Fortunately, garage-band enthusiasts seem to like their '60s music "raw and real." That's something the Daybreakers always were.

Eleven songs - all of them original material, except one, "Show Me," a Joe Tex cover - were enough for an album; but we decided to include four of Bruce and Paul's Rox-vintage demos, which are "power pop" at their very best. I can say this without embarrassment, because I had nothing to do with these particular demos; Bruce (with help from Paul) played all the instruments and wrote the songs. We further decided to fill the album out with four live cuts - three Crusin' cuts of '76 vintage, and one final cut from what was then the most recent Crusin' reunion.

What's been the most fun out of this renewed interest has been surprising the other ex-Daybreakers with copies of the album; only a few of the members knew the album was in the works, and several of them first heard about it the day they received their copies of it in the mail from me. As you can imagine, the long-distance wires were humming in the days to follow. Those of us still alive and able to get here had

a quiet, non-public reunion in Muscatine, at my home, last summer. We autographed each other's albums, shared memories, listened to old tapes, viewed some videotaped Crusin' performances, and remembered with sadness and affection the Daybreakers who are no longer with us.

There is even some talk of getting the various Daybreakers back into the studio for a reunion album of original material. What is definite is a second volume of "The History of Eastern Iowa Rock" - which will include our rival (and in some cases superior) area garage bands, the XLs, Uncle and the Anteaters, the Escorts, the Untouchables, Depot Rains and Junction (among others). Representing a small area like ours (and yes, our title "History of Eastern Iowa Rock" is meant with tongue at least partially in cheek) means these groups are rather incestuous; for example, Tom Hetzler, the Daybreakers bassist for the Nashville sessions, also plays bass on the grunge classic "She's Gone" by Corruption, Inc., and a live recording of "Touch Me" by Junction features ex-Daybreakers Terry Bekey and Denny Mawell, with Crusin' drummer-to-be Ric Steed.

The interest in our long-ago, naive endeavors is gratifying, and it's supremely strange to have an album out, twenty years after the fact. I'm always hearing from people who've spotted the album in New York or San Diego or LA or Denver or wherever. I never know whether to be embarrassed or proud. I guess I'll settle for both.

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# INCING

by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE  
illustrated by  
THOMAS ARTHUR DANIEL DAY

HOLMES HAD BEEN SEATED  
FOR SOME HOURS IN  
SILENCE WITH HIS LONG, IN-  
THIN BACK CURVED OVER A  
CHEMICAL VESSEL IN WHICH HE  
WAS BREWING A PARTICULARLY  
MALODOROUS PRODUCT. HIS  
HEAD WAS SUNK UPON HIS  
BREAST, AND HE LOOKED FROM  
MY POINT OF VIEW LIKE A  
STRANGE, LANK BIRD WITH A DULL  
GREY PLUMAGE AND A BLACK  
TOP-KNOT.



## A ONE-ISSUE MICRO-SERIES — NEW FROM THE SOUTHERN KNIGHTS TEAM!

Pansafredicopacog — or **FRED** for short (which he is). He'll "acquire" anything from anywhen for you—IF the price is right.

**BIANCA** — Fred's partner. She's never met a lock she couldn't pick (except the ones on Fred's house).

Transformers? **Hal Go-Bots? Bah!** The **FREDMOBILE** beats them all! It's a sleek, FTL car that can turn into ANYTHING (not to mention, travel through space and time)!



Fred and Bianca aren't without **enemies**, however—not one, not two, but **three** separate agencies want them!

The **INTERPOL** (Interstellar Police) agent wants them—regardless of consequences. Rambo would idolize this guy!

The **I.R.S.** (Interstellar Revenue Service) agent wants them—they haven't paid one thin credit of taxes on their ill-gotten gains!

The **REPO MAN** wants them—and the Fredmobile! It's been five years (relatively speaking) since Fred bought the car and he hasn't made a payment on time (which is ironic, when you think about it). In fact, Fred hasn't made a payment **at all!**

Now all of these "people" are converging here! Fred and Bianca have been hired to steal **Earth's greatest treasure**. Not the Mona Lisa! Not the Venus de Milo! Not even Christie Brinkley! What could it be?

Find out in —

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